



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE



THE DOLL MAN



SAMAR



MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW

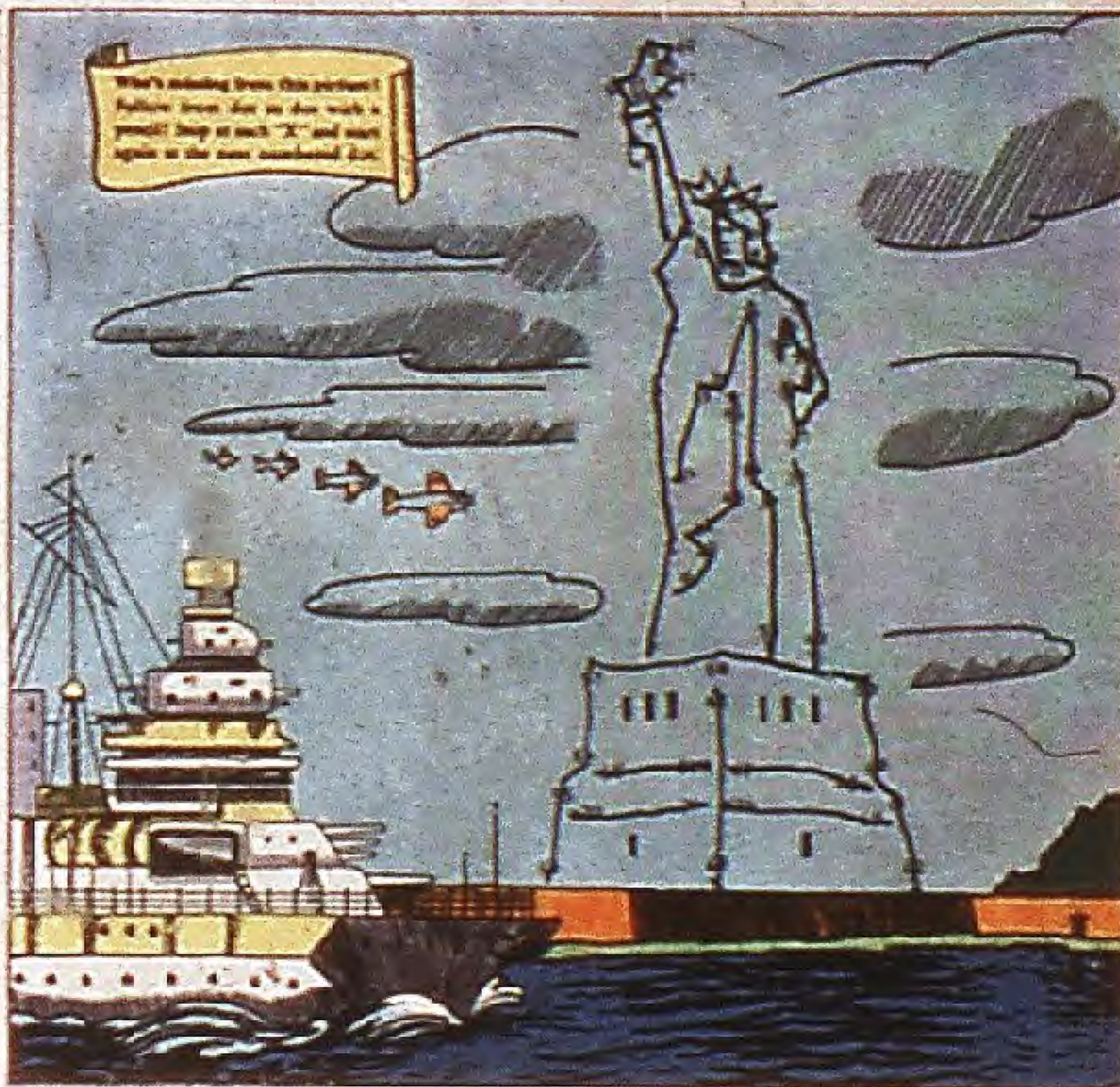


NEVER MIND THE
NEXT ADAGIO STEP,
LALA...FIRST, HOW DO
YA STOP THIS ONE?

No.57
10¢



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new bike has this
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**HERE ARE THE TWO LEADERS
IN THE QUARTERLY COMIC FIELD**

**THE
DOLL MAN**
Quarterly

**UNCLE
SAM**
Quarterly

Buy Them From Your Regular Newsdealer

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The Doll Man

William
Howard
Dunn

CHARGE! ATTENTION!
HERE COMES DOLL
MAN! HE'S THE
SMALL-BOY SUPER-HERO
WHO... IN IT THEY
WON'T LAUGH! THEY
THINK! CAN HE ONLY
DOSE DOLL
MANS?







But remember:
Don't
think you
can't do
it! You can!
You can!
You can!





AS THE BAST CHOMP
FIRST THE BASTAL
BAST



WAT SHOULD I
DOVE TO THE
BASTAL BAST'S
HASTENED TO
DARNED!

GOAT
MOCKERY
THAT DAVE
JUST



THE TWO SMALL
SHALLON THAT WERE
FESTIVAL WERE THEN
YOU CAN OVERSEE AND
NEEDN'T WOULD LIVE
TO CALL HER



OTTA BELL, THE G. BELL
AND GOVIA BELL THERE
FIRST BAST'S OF THE
BELL



DAVE JUST
WENT YOU
LITTLE



THANKS
FOR THE
AND THE
AND THE
BELL

WOMAN KILLED THE BELL
FIRST OF THE BELL



A BELL LIVED A
BELL BELL OF
THE BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL

THE BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL



THEY'LL BE BELL
BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL

BELL BELL



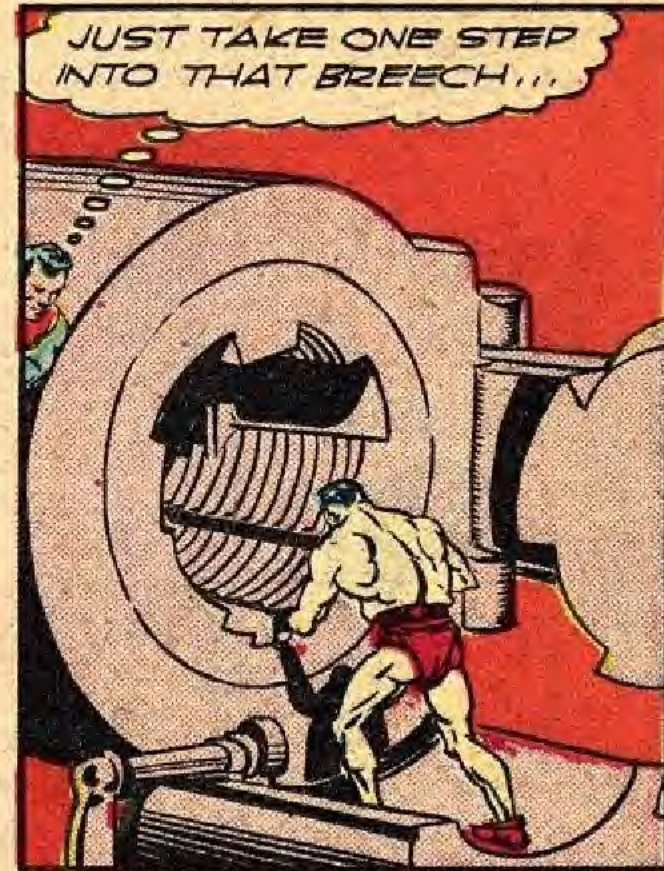
BAROW!

THEY'LL BE BELL
BELL BELL BELL
BELL BELL BELL



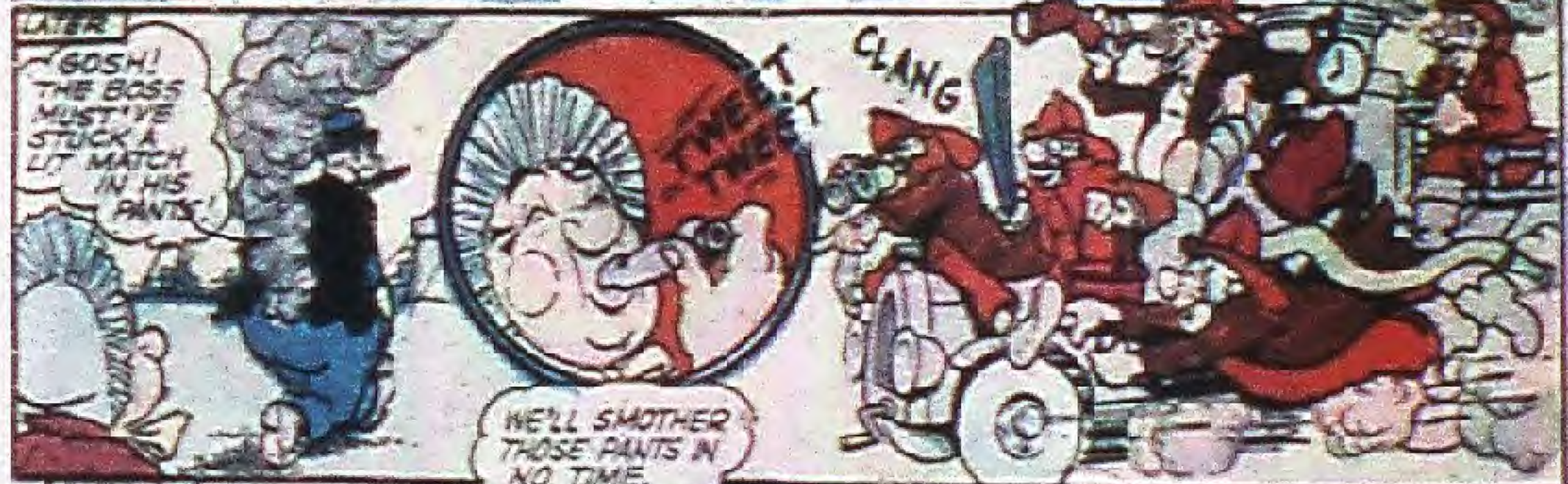
BAROW!







Big Top



Ghost Detective Noel Fowler

3 Still RAVING MAD, AN ELUSIVE SPECTRE DESTROYS THE SOLACE OF A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD, BUT ZERO INVADES THE REALM OF THE DEAD TO WRECK AN ILL-HATCHED PLOT.

UNNOTICED, A GHASTLY APPARITION PEERS AT THEM FIENDISHLY.

ZERO AND A GIRL FRIEND, JULIE, INDULGE IN A PECULIAR PASTIME, READING EPITAPHS ON OLD GRAVESTONES.

AREN'T SOME OF THESE QUEER, JULIE? LISTEN TO THIS ONE. HERE LIES JOSHUA...

SAY! THIS ONE'S PRETTY NEW!

EH?

WHY THIS MAN'S ONLY BEEN DEAD A FEW MONTHS!

DA

BURY
DIED

HERE LIES
WHICH



AL MARGOTT'S GRAVE! YOU REMEMBER HIS NAME, JULIE... HE WAS AN UNDER-WORLD GANG LEADER... THE POLICE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM A LITTLE WHILE AGO... GUESS THEY KNOCKED HIM OFF UP HERE AND DECIDED TO LET HIM STAY.



SURE... OOSE COPPERS BURIED ME IN THE "STOCKS", BUT I'M STILL GIVING THEM PLENTY OF TROUBLE! HA! HA!



HEH! HEH! DEY'LL NEVER FORGET ME!



W-H-E D-I-S-A-P-P-E-A-R-E-D IN THAT MAUSOLEUM...

CMON! WERE GOIN' AFTER HIM!



I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE FOR COMPANY... A BUNCH OF GRAVE-STONES OR A BATTY GHOST CHASER... MIGHT AS WELL STRING ALONG WITH THE LIVING, THOUGH...



G-GOSH... THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS... HEY! NOT SO FAST!

SAY! WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?



WOW! TAKE A LOOK AT THESE JEWELS... THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR 'EM.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THE DOOR! I CAN'T GET IT OPEN!



A HAIR-RAISING SHRIEK SHAKES THE MUSTY TOMB.







THAT SCREAM!
IT'S COMING
FROM MARGOTTI'S
HIDEOUT!



NOW I'M GONNA
FINISH YA OFF
FER INVENTIN' A
MACHINE TO
GET RID O'
ME!

OH!
OH!

PLEASE...
NO! NO!



NOT SO
FAST,
MARGOTTI!



JUST AS JULIE ARRIVES WITH
THE POLICE.

I DON'T KNOW
WHY I BELIEVE
YE, MISS, BUT...



LOOK!
THERE THEY
ARE!



NO DIRTY FLAT-
FOOTS ARE GONNA
GET ME!

STOP!
UGH!



THE LITTLE CHEMIST WHO HAD PASSED OUT,
SUDDENLY COMES TO AND PULLS A
GADGET FROM HIS POCKET.

HERE, ZERO, TAKE THIS
GHOST DISINTEGRATOR. I F.F.
FINISHED IT TODAY. PRESS
BUTTON...

SO LONG,
MARGOTTI!
NOW
YOU'LL STAY
DEAD!

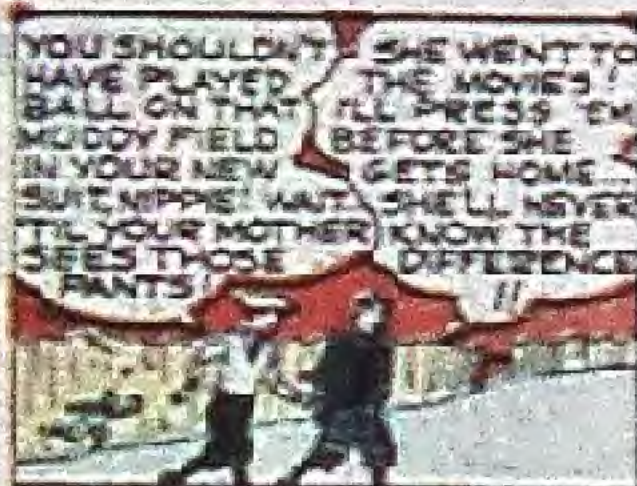


WELL... I NEVER.. THAT
GADGET JUST SEEMED
TO SWALLOW THAT
SPIRIT AND A
BAD SPIRIT
IT WAS!

C'MON,
JULIE.
THIS IS
THE TIME
FOR
CHEER-
ING!

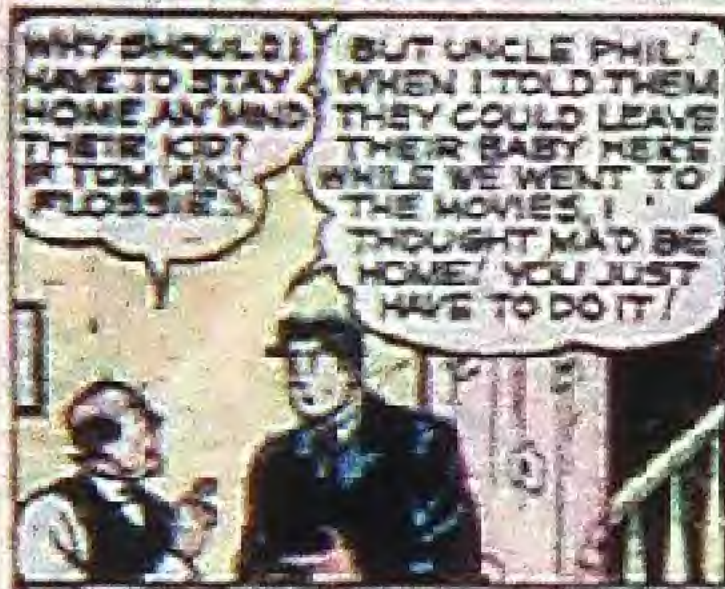
GHOST!
OHNO!

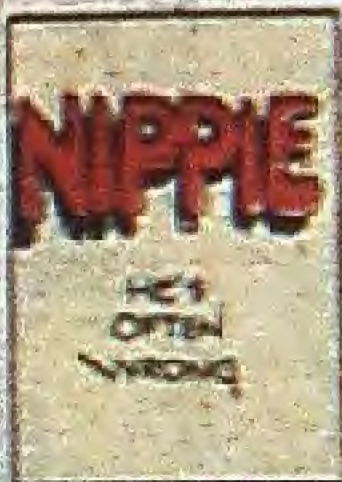
Zero, Ghost Detective, comes to you in each issue of FEATURE COMICS.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

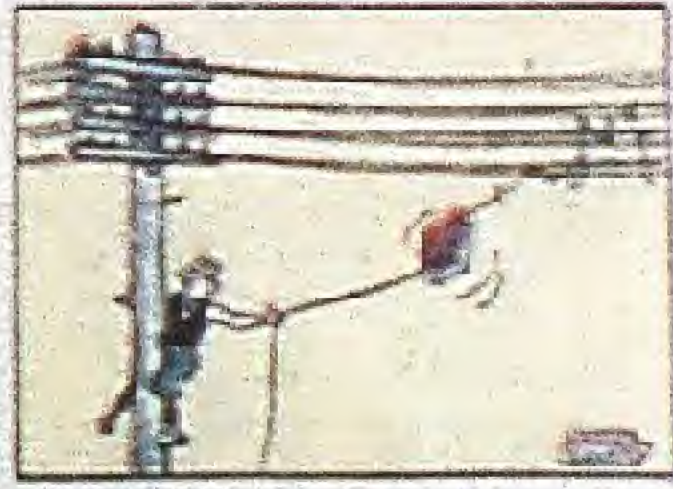




MICKEY FINN

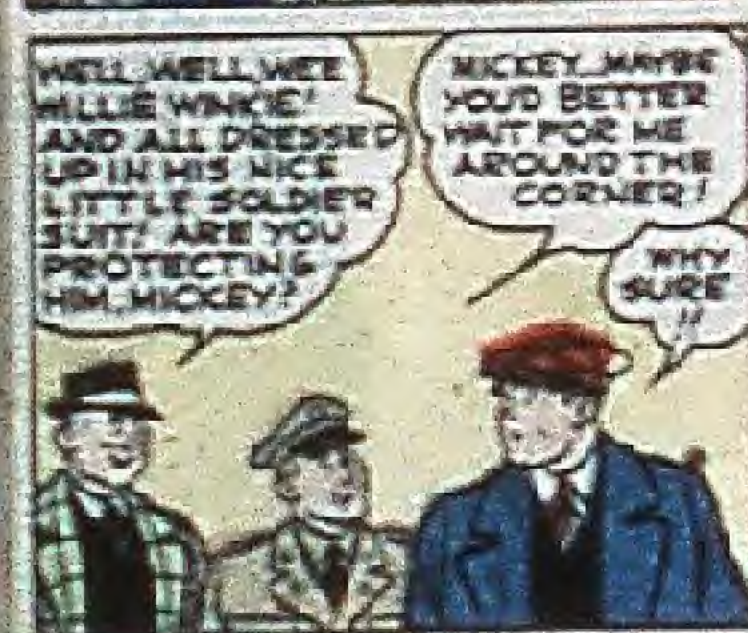
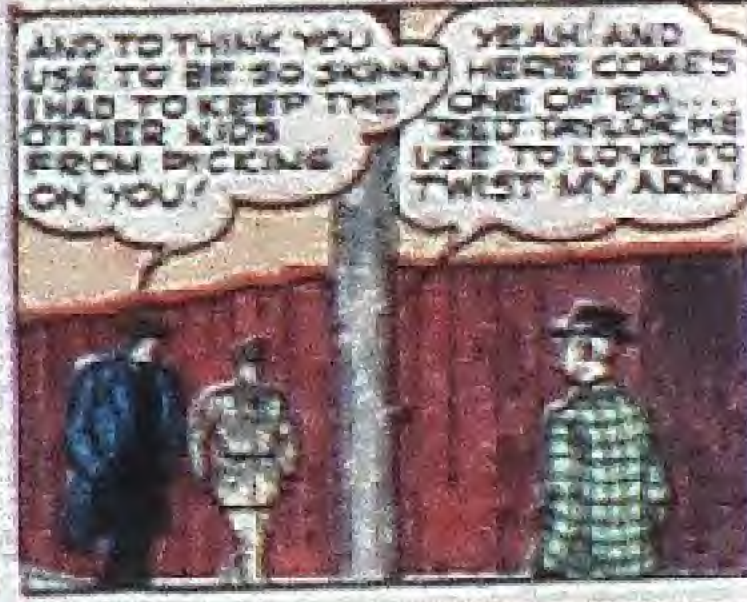
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.

The SPIDER WIDOW

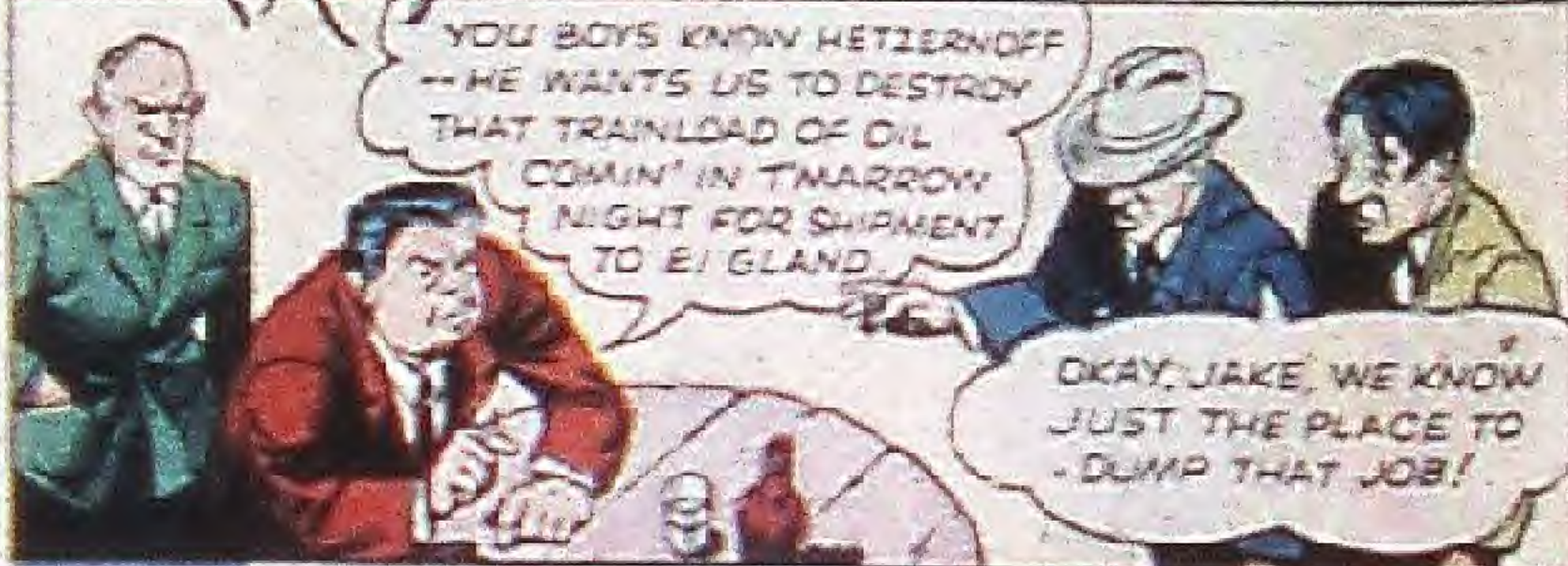
Grandmother of Terror!

She weaves a web of justice to trap the insects of corruption!



MISS DIANNE GRAYTON, BEAUTIFUL, WEALTHY AND ATHLETIC, COMBATS THE FORCES OF CRIME IN THIS NEW STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE UNDERWORLD, AS **THE SPIDER WIDOW!**

THE NOTORIOUS TRIGGER MEN OF "JAKE LARDO" ARE ASSEMBLED AT THEIR WATER-FRONT HIDEOUT TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE NIGHT'S ACTIVITIES.



YOU BOYS KNOW HETZERNOFF -- HE WANTS US TO DESTROY THAT TRAINLOAD OF OIL COMIN' IN T'NARROW T' NIGHT FOR SHIPMENT TO E' GLAND.

OKAY, JAKE, WE KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO DUMP THAT JOB!

NEXT MORNING BOB ABLESON
STOPS AT THE STABLES OF
THE GRAYTON ESTATE...

MY, DIANNE! SUCH
AMBITION FOR SO
EARLY IN THE
MORNING!

JUST
GETTING
IN,
ROBERT?



YES, UP WITH A
SICK FRIEND.
YOU KNOW.

UH-HUH,
I KNOW!
COME IN AND
JOIN ME AT
BREAKFAST ---
OR ARE THEY
EXPECTING YOU
AT HOME?



SOME MINUTES LATER ---
OVER COFFEE CUPS.

HAVE YOU SEEN
THE MORNING
HEADLINE?

NO, BUT I BET
I CAN TELL
YOU WHAT THEY
ARE --- MURDER,
SABOTAGE, CRIME
AND -- OH YES --
INJUSTICE!



OH, STOP IT,
ROBERT. I'M
SERIOUS!

WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT
ME TO DO ABOUT
IT? -- GO OUT
AND SHOOT
HITLER?



WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME
SOMEONE DID SOME-
THING ABOUT IT!

OK, DIANNE,
YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT
IT. -- I'M GOING HOME AND
TO BED. ODDOW! WHAT
A HEAD!



PERHAPS I
CAN! AT
LEAST I'LL
TRY!



LATE THAT EVENING,
A POWERFUL ENGINE
CHARGES THROUGH THE
MOUNTAINS AND OUT
ONTO A TRESTLE.

-- BEHIND THE
LOCOMOTIVE ARE TANK
CARS OF AVIATION
FUEL. -- HALF WAY
ACROSS THE BRIDGE--



-- A SHUDDERING EXPLOSION
STAGGERS THE STRUCTURE!



SENDING SPINES OF EARTH, TIMBER
AND STEEL HIGH INTO THE STARTLED SKY!

RACING FROM THE SCENE OF DISASTER, A POWERFUL SEDAN CHARGES DOWN A ROAD, CUTTING THROUGH THE GRAYTON ESTATE...



BOSS!
WE'RE OUT
OF GAS!

YOU STUPID
IDIOT. WHY
DIDN'T YOU
FILL IT?

A MOMENT LATER...

DON'T GET SORE, MIKE!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW ALL
DEM GAS STATIONS IS CLOSED!
DERE OUGHTA BE A LAW
AGAINST DAT!



SHUT UP! WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THE STATE POLICE BLOCK
THE ROADS. THERE'S A
HOUSE UP THERE--CHOR!
WE'VE GOT TO
GET SOME
GAS--OR
ELSE!



DIANNE IS JUST ABOUT TO JOIN THE REST OF THE HOUSEHOLD WHO HAVE BEEN AROUSED BY THE FIRE, WHEN -----



WHO'S THE BOSS AROUND
HERE? WE WANT SOME
GAS--AND WE WANT
IT QUICK!

I BEG YOUR
PARDON--
BUT--

SHUT UP! I SAID
I WANTED TEN
GALLONS OF GAS!
MAKE IT SNAPPY
AND DON'T GIVE
US NO TROUBLE!
SEE?



WHILE THE CHAUFFEUR IS ORDERED TO PROCURE THE FUEL, DIANNE SLIPS INTO THE ATTIC STOREROOM...

THOSE MEN MUST BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT
TRAIN WRECK. THIS IS
MY CHANCE TO DO
SOMETHING! ALL I NEED
IS THIS RUBBER MASK
AND THOSE PETS THE
GARDENER
SHOWED
ME!



DIANNE RACES TO THE THUGS' CAR AND MANAGES TO HIDE IN THE TRUNK BEFORE THEY RETURN...



--NO USE 'PHONIN'
THE COPS-- WE CUT
THE WIRES!

GOOD!
THEY
DIDN'T
SEE
ME!

AFTER A WILD RIDE -- THE CAR COMES TO A HALT WITHIN A HIDDEN GARAGE SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WATERFRONT.



HI-YA, BOSS! WE'VE COME
TO REPORT ON THAT
TRAIN-WRECK JOB!

BUT AS THE CROOKS LEAVE THE CAR, A STARTLING FIGURE APPEARS!



ABOVE, IN THE GANG'S
CONFERENCE ROOM...



I TELL YA, BOSS, DER WASN'T
NUTTIN' LEFT O' THAT TRAIN. WE
BLEW UP THE ENTIRE WORKS.
IT WAS NUTTIN' BUT A MESS O'
DABREEZ. WE EVEN OBLITZER-
ATED THE TRETZEL. WE
DUGH TA COLLECT SOMTHIN'
FOR THAT FROM
KETLERNOFF. THE
TRETZEL DUGH TA
BE WORT' SUNPIN'
TA HITLER!

I'LL ATTEND TO HETZ. I
JUST WANT TO MAKE
SURE EVERY TANK CAR
OF OIL WAS DESTROYED.



OH, SURE, BOSS, NUTTIN'
WAS LEFT BUT A MESS
OF MOLTEN METAL!

OKAY! MEET
HERE T'MORROW
NIGHT FOR
YOUR
CUT!



SUDDENLY, A TINY, BLACK
BUNDLE OF VICIOUSNESS
DROPS TO THE CENTER
OF THE TABLE...



... AND SPRINGS UP
THE THUG'S SLEEVE!

HEY! THAT WAS A SPIDER!
--A BLACK WIDDER
SPIDER--GET IT OFFA
ME! GET IT OFFA--
AHHHNG!
**IT BIT
ME!**



THEM BLACK WIDDERS IS
POISONOUS! GET A DOC! ...
DO SUMPTIN'! ... DONT
JES' STAND THERE LOOKIN'
AT ME! ... AINT YA GONNA
HELP ME?



NIX! YA THINK WE
WANT TO GET BIT? I
DONT MIND SHOOTIN' IT
OUT WITH THE COPS, BUT
I CANT STAND SPIDERS!
--THEY DO
THINGS
TA ME!



LOOKOUT! DER'S
ANOTHER ONE!





IN THEIR HASTE TO LEAVE THE ROOM, THE GUNMEN FAIL TO SEE A "VIOLIN CASE" PLACED MYSTERIOUSLY BEFORE THE DOOR!



A GUNMAN LUNGES FOR THE SPIDER WIDOW...



... AND MISSES!



NOT SO FAST, GRANDMA! I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS
TO PEOPLE WHO MEDDLE
IN JAKE LARDO'S
BUSINESS...! SEE?



...AS JAKE'S FINGERS
TIGHTEN -- A SWARM
OF BLACK SPIDERS COME
FORTH FROM THE OLD
WOMAN'S CLOAK AND SINK
THEIR FANGS INTO THE
GUNMAN'S HAND!...



... AND OTHERS LEAP
UPON HIS FACE!



TERRIFIED, JAKE LEAPS INTO
THE RIVER TO RID HIMSELF
OF THE ATTACKERS!



HELP! I CAN'T
SWIM! THEY'RE
BITING ME! ... HELP!
AHHHHHHHNG!



BUT THE OTHERS ARE TOO
BUSY TO HELP ANYBODY!



... INVESTIGATE THE
RIOT AT FORTY-FOUR
WATERFRONT STREET...
GUNFIRE... PROCEED
WITH CAUTION!



HELLO, DUANE! THE ENTIRE LARDO
GANG -- WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU BOYS FOR MONTHS!

I WONDER WHO --
LOOK! A NOTE!
IT SAYS, "COMPLIMENTS
OF THE SPIDER
WIDOW!"



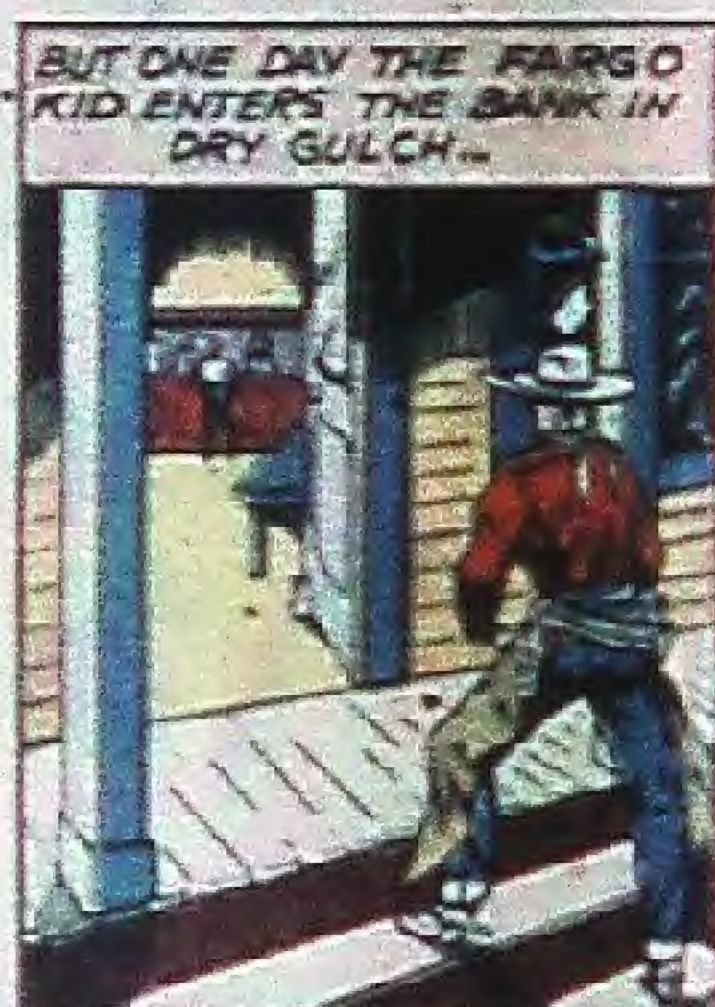
THE FOLLOWING MORNING --

HELLO, DUANE? THIS IS
BOB ABLESON. SAY, IF
YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED
IN HUNTING CRIMINALS, WHY
DON'T YOU TAKE A FEW LESSONS
FROM THIS "SPIDER WIDOW" --
HA, HA! YOU AND SHE OUGHT
TO GET ALONG SWELL! ...

I SUPPOSE
WE WOULD, BOB!
--KNOW WHERE
I COULD MEET
HER?



NEXT MONTH -- THE SPIDER WIDOW RETURNS!



FARGO KID IS SOON ON THE TRAIL OF THE GANGSTERS...



HIS KEEN EYES PICK OUT SIGN
TIRE TRACKS, CRUSHED
CACTUS, WEED, ECT.



TIME AND AGAIN HE LOSES THE
TRAIL, BUT MANAGES TO PICK
IT UP AGAIN...



HOURS LATER, WEARY AND TIRED,
HE REACHES HIS GOAL...



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE
MINE...



SUDDENLY A SHOT IS HEARD...



BUT THE KID IS OVERPOWERED







LALA PALOOZA

THANK I'LL
BREAK A
SNACK.

THIS REFRIGERATOR'S
AS FREE FROM FOOD
AS A BOWLING BALL
IS FROM
DANDRUFF!

PERHAPS I'LL
FIND A TASTY
TIDBIT OR TWO
LURKING ON THE TOP
SHELF OF THIS
PANTRY..

NO—BUT—HMM—LALA IS
HOARDING A TWO BUCK
BILL IN THIS
OLD WAR!

MOST
UNPATRIOTIC!

HOARDING!—TSK TSK!—WITH
FUNDS NEEDED FOR DEFENSE,
RED CROSS ETC.—THE UNITED
WAR EFFORT WOULD FROWN ON
SUCH GOINGS-ON!

VINCENT!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

OH—ER—
NO PLACE.

OH, YES, YOU ARE—
YOU'VE BEEN UP TO
SOMETHING—
NOW, WHAT?

LALA,
SO
HELP
ME—

OWN UP
NOW—
WHAT
WAS
IT?

LISTEN—IF I'VE
DONE A SINGLE
WRONG
THING—

—MAY A
BOMB
DROP ON
MY HEAD
THIS
MINUTE!

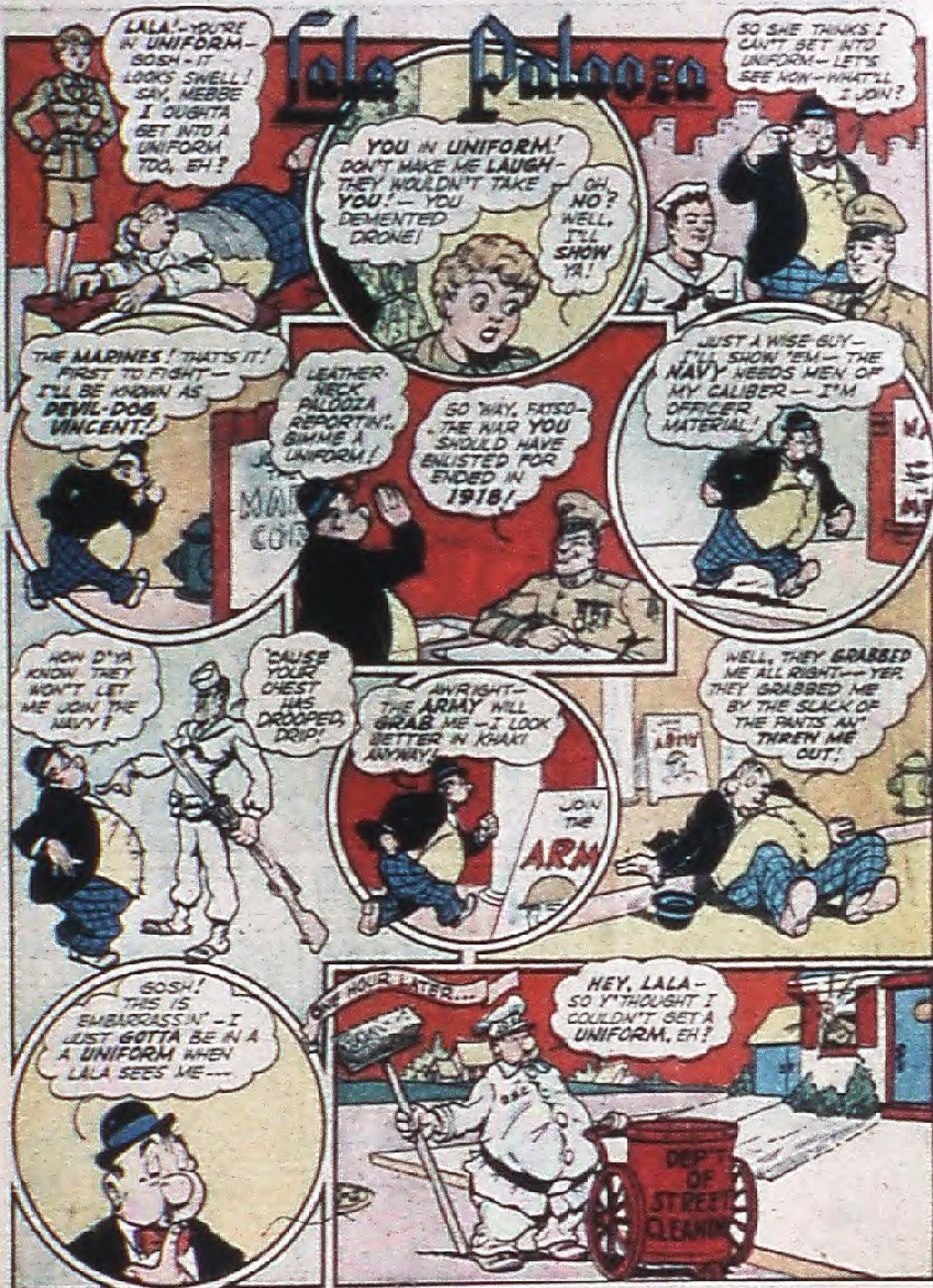
MY
TWO
DOLLAR
BILL!

HEY,
MISTER—OUR
PLANE
FLEW IN
YOUR
WINDOW!

WE
WERE
PLAYIN'
WAR!

HELL—I WON'T BE
PLAYIN' WAR IF
YOU DON'T COME
IN OFF THAT
FLAGPOLE!

IF THE MARINES COULD
STICK IT OUT ON
WAKE ISLAND,
I CAN STICK IT ON
THIS FLAGPOLE!



Laugh with Lala Palooza and Vincent in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.



AS SWING AND HIS BAND
SERVE OUT SWEET MELODY..

GREAT TO BE
HERE, EH,
SWING?

YEP,
BONNE...
THE CLOVER
CLUB IS LIKE
HOME TO US!

THE CROWD IS ENJOYING
SWING'S MUSIC... BUT AT A
TABLE...

THE SISSON GUY
SURE PACKS 'EM
IN HERE!
YEH, CHIEF. HE'S
THE BIGGEST
DRAWING CARD
IN NEW YORK!

HERE'S TO SWING
SISSON. HE DOESN'T
KNOW IT YET, BUT...

HOW YOU GONNA
MAKE SISSON JOIN
UP, CHIEF? HE'S A
REAL BATTLE,
Y'KNOW!



BACKSTAGE A LITTLE LATER...

YOU THINK SISSON
WILL FALL IN
LINE, CHIEF?

YEAH!
HE'LL
JOIN OUR
ASSOCIATION
OR...

I'M MIKE YEMON, HEAD
OF THE NEW
MASTER UNION...

COME
IN,
GENTLEMEN!

I'D LIKE TO
TALK TO
YOU!

YEMON EXPLAINS HIS
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
PLAN TO SWING AND TOBY...

WE'RE ALREADY MEMBERS
OF A UNION... I DON'T
NEED PROTECTION
FROM YOU OR ANY
RACKETEER
LIKE YOU!

IMAGINE
SWING SISSON
NEEDING
PROTECTION!

LISTEN, SISSON - - IF
YOU FALL IN LINE, SO
WILL THE OTHER
BAND LEADERS. JOIN
UP AND BE SAFE
FROM "ACCIDENTS"?

THE BOYS BECOME ANGRY...

IF YOU BOTHER US AGAIN,
I'LL...

THAT GOES
DOUBLE FOR ME!
GET OUT!!

LATER, SWING AND TOBY
ARE JOINED BY BONNIE...

WHAT'S
ALL
THE
EXCITE-
MENT?

RACKETEERS!!

I'M
AFRAID WE
HAVEN'T
HEARD THE
LAST
OF THIS...

OUTSIDE THE CLOVER CLUB...

SISSON SCORED ON
US TONIGHT, BUT...
HOP IN!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA
DO, CHIEF! HE'S NO
PUSHOVER!!

BEFORE I'M THROUGH
WITH HIM, SISSON
WILL BE GLAD
TO JOIN
UP!

THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE
CLOVER CLUB...

UGH!! THIS WATER
TASTES FUNNY,
BELINDA.

YO'ALL MUST
IMAGINE IT,
MISS BONNIE!

A LITTLE LATER...

KEEP IT GOING, BOYS.
SOMETHING IS
WRONG WITH
BONNIE!



WHAT TH--! TAKE OVER,
TOBY!

OKAY, SWING.
I'LL KEEP 'EM
DANCING!



THE TWO RACKETEERS
TAKE IT ALL IN...

YOUR PLAN? HOW
DID YOU
DO IT?

I BAIBED
HER MAID.
C' MON, WE
GOT WORK
TO DO!



IN AN ALLEY BACK OF THE CLUB...

THAT'S HER DRESSING ROOM, CHIEF.
I CHECKED IT
TODAY..

OKAY!
GET THAT NOTE
READY!



INSIDE...

IT SURE
HAS
SUDDEN--
WHERE'S
BELINDA?

I'M
ALL RIGHT,
SWING--
EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK
FOR A
MINUTE!



A ROCK
CRASHES THROUGH
THE WINDOW...



LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY
DOESN'T LIKE ME,
SWING.

THIS NOTE
MAY THROW
SOME LIGHT
ON IT!



IT'S ALL
THE WORK
OF THOSE
RACKETEERS!



Better join
up and stay
healthy!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHAT
HAPPENED,
SWING?
IS BONNIE
OKAY?

I'LL TELL YOU
LATER. BONNIE
WILL HAVE TO
TAKE IT EASY
TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT...

FROM ALL YOU TOLD ME, SWING, THOSE GUYS AREN'T FOOLING!

THEY MEAN BUSINESS ALL RIGHT!

SO WE'RE GOING TO SEE YOU SAFELY HOME, YOUNG NADY!

FARTHER UP THE STREET...

THERE THEY ARE, CHIEF!

OKAY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! GET IN!!

SWING AND HIS PALS ARE FOLLOWED... AS THE CARS DRAW ABREAST...

OKAY, WHITEY! JUST PUT A BULLET IN ONE OF THEIR TIRES!

A SHOT! THEN THE CAB CAREENS WILDLY....

CRASH!

A TIRE MUSTA LET GO ON US!

SOMEONE IN THAT CAR TOOK A SHOT AT US, SWING!

THOSE HOODLUMS AGAIN!!

THE RACKETEERS CONTINUE... WITH MORE DAMAGE IN MIND...

THAT CAME OFF PERFECT! I COULD HAVE PLUGGED SISSON JUST AS EASY!!

DON'T BE A FOOL! NOW FOR THE REAL JOB BACK AT THE CLOVER CLUB!!

AFTER THE CLUB HAS CLOSED...

START JIMMYING THAT DOOR, I'LL KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR COPS!

OKAY!

AFTER THEY FORCE AN ENTRANCE...

THIS STUNT WILL BRING SISSON IN LINE!

CUT THE CHIN MUSIC AND KEEP BUSY!

NEXT MORNING...

ALL OUR INSTRUMENTS RUINED? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!!

PICKING UP TOBY AND BONNIE, SWING RUSHES TO THE CLOVER CLUB...

THOSE INSTRUMENTS ARE WORTH THOUSANDS, SWING!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

I LOVED THAT OLD SAX OF MINE LIKE A MOTHER!

INSIDE THE CLUB...

WHAT A SHAME!

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE...

YOU MAY GET THE CHANCE, TOBY...

YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE, SWING.

OKAY! I BET I CAN GUESS WHO IT IS....

AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE...

GET WISE, SISSON! ACCIDENTS NEVER HAPPEN TO MEMBERS OF OUR PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION!!

OKAY, VERNON. I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT AFTER THE SHOW!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GONNA KNUCKLE DOWN, SWING!

NEVER MIND... LET'S START SHOPPING FOR SOME INSTRUMENTS.

YOU BOYS GO AHEAD. I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THOSE THINGS!

OKAY, BONNIE. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER AT REHEARSAL.

UNKNOWN TO SWING, BONNIE CALLS ON THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

...AND SWING IS TO MEET THEM TONIGHT AT THE CLUB, AFTER THE SHOW!

IT'S AN OLD RACKET, MISS BAXTER... BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN!



POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE
by GILL FOX



SAMAR

By
John Charles



IN THE DEEP OF JUNGLE
JUSTICE, SAMAR BATTLES
THE BARBARIC HORDES
ATTEMPTING TO USE THE
JUNGLE FOR THEIR
NEFARIOUS ENDS....

But suddenly, THE
BLAST OF ANTI AIR
CRAFT FIRE SPLITS
THE AIR.

SKY BIRD
FALLS...
SAMAR THINKS
THERE IS
TROUBLE!

THE
JUNGLE HAS
VISITORS IN
A SKY-BIRD!

GOOD
SHOT...
YOU'VE
GOT
THEM!



THE CRIPPLED PLANE PLUNGES INTO A CLUMP OF TREES AND...



THE PILOT IS SEIZED AS SHE CLIMBS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE.



SAY! WHAT IS THIS? LET ME GO!

WE CAN USE THE DATA AND SERUM YOU WERE TAKIN' TO THE BRITISH GARRISON!

BUT...

OTTO, LOOK! A WHITE MAN IS COMING OVER THE BRIDGE!



HE WILL NOT GO FAR!



THE BRIDGE... THEY HAVE CUT IT!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND FALL IN THE WATER... I'LL BE CRUSHED IF I HIT THOSE ROCKS!



HE LANDS JUST ABOVE THE FALLS AND SWIMS DESPERATELY TO AVOID BEING SWEEPED OVER...





SWOOPING OUT OF THE TREE, SAMAR PICKS THE GIRL OFF THE GROUND.

THE GIRL IS WHISKED TO A TREE AND THE GORILLA IS RELEASED TO CATCH THEM.

DO NOT FEAR I AM A FRIEND!

ARGH GRP!



BUT THE TREE IS UPROOTED, AND...

SO, THE HUGE ONE WOULD FIGHT WITH SAMAR!

GRP!



SWARMS OF ANTS GIVE THE GIRL AN IDEA.

I MUST SAVE HIM!

THAT'LL FIX YOU!





RUSTY RYAN

and the
BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS

By Paul Johnston

THE BRIGADIERS HAVE CHALLENGED
THE WORLD'S GREATEST CRIMINALS.
THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY...
POWERFUL JAPANESE ESPIONAGE
RING.

MUCH TO THEIR DISPLEASURE, A NEW
MEMBER HAS JOINED THE BRIGADIERS.
AND THEY CAN'T GET RID OF HER!!

I'M MOI YUTONG. MY FATHER WAS A
CHINESE GOVERNMENT AGENT WHO
KNEW MORE ABOUT THE BLACK
DRAGON SOCIETY THAN ANYONE
ELSE ALIVE. I HAVE HIS NOTES
ON THE BLACK DRAGON... AND
THAT KINDA SETTLES THINGS!



LET ME TAKE CARE
OF YOUR FATHER'S
NOTES ON THE
BLACK DRAGON, MOI!!

THEY'LL
BE SAFER
WITH US!!



NO!



I'M AS CAPABLE
OF TAKING CARE
OF THEM AS
YOU ARE!!



NOW... LET'S SEE WHY
FATHER MENTIONS
GEACLOFF ISLAND
IN HIS NOTES







HEY!

RAT-TAT-TAT
TAT-TAT-TAT
TAT-TAT



OVER WITH HER!
SHE HAS A
STEEL-LINED
BOTTOM!!



WHAT HE SHE
STILL COMES!!
C.O. 778 *



WELL
WELL
WELL



OKAY, FELLAS, YOU CAN
COME OUT FROM UNDER
THE BOAT
NOW!!



WE'LL LEAVE THE
BOAT HERE AND
WALK ALONG THE
ROCKS SO WE WON'T
BE SEEN SO
EASILY!!

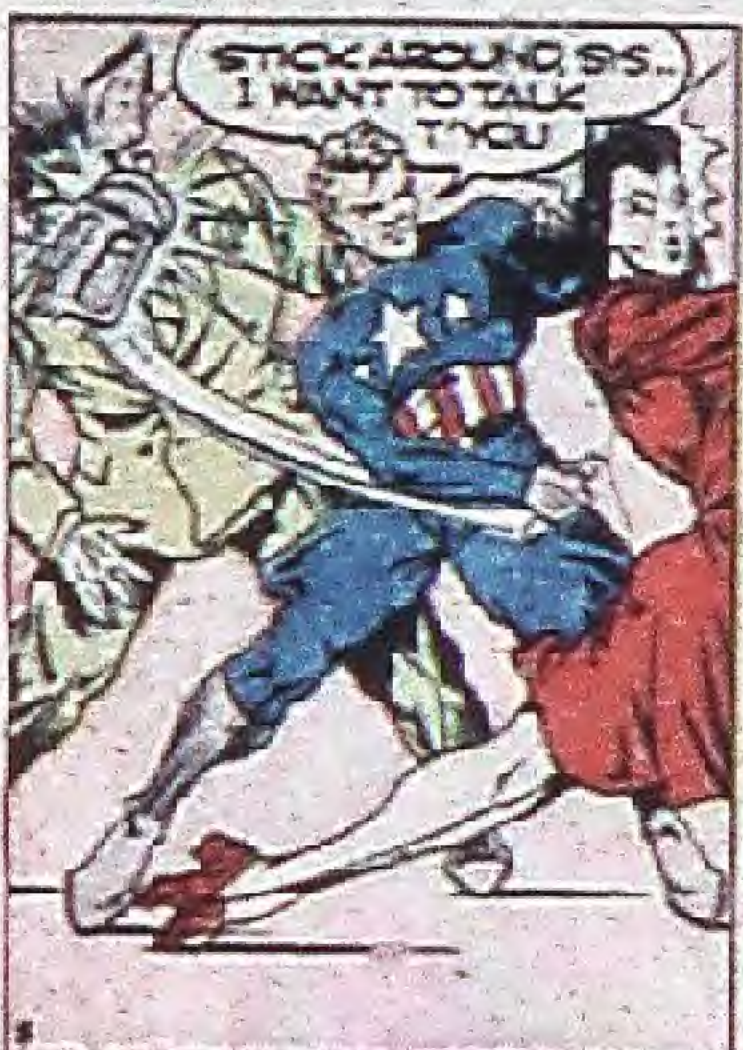


OH-OH, HOLD IT!!
MUST BE GORG
JAPS DOWN
THERE!!



OKAY YOU YELLOW SNAKES
IN THE GRASS
...REACH
!!







More daring deeds of Rusty Ryan and The Boyville Brigadiers in the July issue.

BLOOMS OF DEATH

OF



Silence. Utter quiet after that terrible explosion as the big munitions dump blew up. Even three miles out at sea, the sound had been terrific. It had shaken the ship as if some giant hand had throttled it.

"Some burst!" said Perry Scott. "How the dickens are those devils making such hits? It's queer. Uncanny. We all know that they are lousy when it comes to laying eggs."

"Yeah," replied Folmer, Perry's first mate. "They got the radio station—same way—direct hit. I can't figure it. And that station was the best job of camouflaging I ever saw!"

That's the way it had been going for the past few days. The Japs had knocked over Manila, then they had come in hordes after Hong Kong. The city defenses were all too inadequate, just like they had been in the Philippines.

Perry Scott had a dangerous mission. He had outfitted his fast cruiser as a sort of pocket battleship. He carried four torpedoes, for subs. His deck guns might have done for a regular cruiser. He even had a hi-power anti-aircraft piece mounted on the fore-deck. And right at this moment it was saving its piece as the crew peppered away at the disappearing Jap plane, a mile off in the blue.

Wasted shot. The plane was too far off, maneuvering like a crazy thing to escape the lethal bursts.

"Hold it!" sang out Perry. "We've got to go after that sub we sighted this morning. If we can lay a few depth charges—"

If they could. That was the bad thing. For several days they had

chased subs, or maybe it was only one sub. And they had scored simply nothing. It was the same with the planes. Always their bombing activities occurred just too far off for them to be of any use. That's what made Perry think that there was inside information being given out to the enemy. They planted their aerial bombs too cleverly, always scoring on some important target. Hong Kong was fast becoming a shambles.

The British were there. Several battalions of the fighting Anzacs. There were Chinese squadrons. And several thousand American soldiers. But altogether the battle was falling the Japs' way. And that was wrong, as Perry saw it.

"I'm going to make a land foray soon," he told his crew. "Whatever information is leaking out must surely be coming from the city."

"Plenty of Japs there," Folmer said. "But all of them, it's said, have signed loyalty pledges."

Perry snorted at that. "I know. But what does that mean? Something like Hitler's pledges, I'd say."

Just before sunset, as Perry's cruiser was making for home port, a single raiding plane swept over the city and dropped one bomb. It hit directly in the middle of a huge water storage tank which was buried near the eastern extremities of the city. There was not a mark to spot that tank, which was a most important factor in furnishing Hong Kong with fresh drinking water.

How did the bomber spot it, then? That was the question on everybody's lips. How were these Japs doing it? Somebody was certainly pointing out objectives to the fliers. But what sort of marks

were they employing? Experts had gone over the scene of every bombing. And found nothing.

Perry made a careful search of the blasted wreckage of the storage tank. The bomb had hit almost exactly in the middle of the million-gallon container which was buried deep in the ground. It was covered over with sod, and planted with flowering shrubs to match the surrounding terrain. There was not a chance to spot it from the air. Or even from the ground.

Perry had a sudden inspiration, when he saw a couple of Japanese gardeners working on some flowers nearby. It was an inspiration, but as Perry reasoned it out later, there was not much sense to it. Stolid, plodding workers these Japanese. They did their work with efficient thoroughness. And after all, they were "loyal" Japs.

"I wonder just how loyal?" mused Perry as he sauntered along the waterfront trying to



figure out some effective plan to beat the enemy.

That night there was an air raid alarm. The bombers came over like a horde of angry hornets, spilling their lethal charges indiscriminately. Perry, on a hill above the city (he was conversing with one of the radio look-outs), watched the scene of carnage below. Flashes of brilliant flame where the incendiary bombs exploded and scattered fire for hundreds of feet around; screaming demolition bombs thudding into the streets and surrounding terrain. From his vantage point it looked like the city would be wiped out.

The bombers fled then in a hail of anti-aircraft. Three of them burstled down in flames. Then the air clear sounded, and people crept out of shelters and resumed the night's duties and entertainments once more.

The thing that struck Perry next morning was the slight damage the Jap planes had done the previous night. Although they had dropped tons of explosive, there was comparatively little damage.

"That's what gets me," he told the air raid warden. "Fifty bombers come over at night and spill plenty of death—yet there is hardly any damage. But let a single bomber get through during the day and if he drops two bombs he makes two direct hits. I don't get it."

The warden scratched his lean jaw. "I see watcha mean. Yeah. I've noticed that. Funny . . ."

Perry went up that afternoon in a scouting plane with a young naval official. They cruised over the city for an hour trying to spot anything that looked like marks—marks for the enemy bombers to aim at. They saw nothing.

"The funny part is," said Perry, "those slant-eyed lads have poor eyes on the whole. What do they see that we don't?"

They came in and landed. And less than an hour later a warehouse stored with valuable food-stuffs was blasted to bits when a brace of bombers roared over and dropped their cargoes.

How did they do it? The warehouse was absolutely indistinguishable from the sky . . . and these bombers had been flying at twelve thousand feet at least!

Perry had gone through the bombing of Shanghai and remembered the effectiveness of those other Jap raids. If the same technique had prevailed in Manila, no wonder it had fallen so fast! There must be some way of halting these hits, Perry thought.

"One thing I can't understand," said Perry. "Why is the city of Hong Kong so terribly interested in keeping its flower beds up? I see no reason for that,



since most of them become targets sooner or later anyway."

One of the aides was a Hong Kong resident. "Well," said he, "I've lived here fifteen years, and it has always been that way; we're proud of our flowers . . . and as you probably know, there are no more efficient florists than the Japs."

Perry nodded. He had an evening patrol and it was about time to depart for his ship. If they were lucky enough to knock over that sub tonight, he'd ask for a few days' leave and really do a job of investigating.

At four in the morning Perry brought his cruiser into port. He was dog-tired, as were his men, so they lost no time in turning in.

At ten o'clock, Perry got released for a two-day investigation, determined that this time he would solve the mystery of the uncanny bombing. He hired a rickshaw and set out across the city. It was a calm sunny day with not a cloud in the sky. War seemed far remote . . .

As his driver turned into a narrow street near the docks, Perry whistled a light tune. Then suddenly his whistle became a long one of surprise.

"Wait," he told his boy. The vehicle came to a halt.

A hundred yards away a huge water storage tank rose ten feet into the air. It was covered over

with a layer of sod and vines that obscured its metal sides—a great circular mound. Three Japanese were working on a long flower bed in line with Perry's vision. They were very careful in working around the red and white blooms. He ordered the vehicle on. They circled the tank. At intervals of every thirty feet similar flower beds were planted. Each of them had the same design worked out in red and white flowers.

"Go pick me one of those blooms," he told his driver. The latter came back with several, of both colors. Perry looked at them and a great light burst in his mind. The red blooms were colored red with some powder dye!

"Back to headquarters!" he barked to the Chinese boy. They sped back into the city.

Perry hurried into the building and faced the commanding officer. "I think I've solved these unique bombings," he said. He held out the flowers.

The officer looked at the blooms quizzically.

"Dyed," Perry told him. Then: "Where's Hawakaya?"

The officer jerked a thumb toward a rear room. Hawakaya was an expert linguist and also an expert on many things Japanese. And perfectly loyal to the Allies.

"Look, Hawakaya," Perry said, holding out the flowers, "what's this look like?"

The Japanese nodded. "Dyed red. Where did you find them?"

Perry told him. "Come on, we'll go out and take a look."

Arrived at the storage tank, Perry pointed out the beds. The Japanese gasped.

"Those flower arrangements say," he said, indicating the beds, "H-E-R-E. The word is spelled out in flower language, which all Japanese know."

read BLACK MARKET
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
Feature Cottica

HOMER DOODLE AND SON



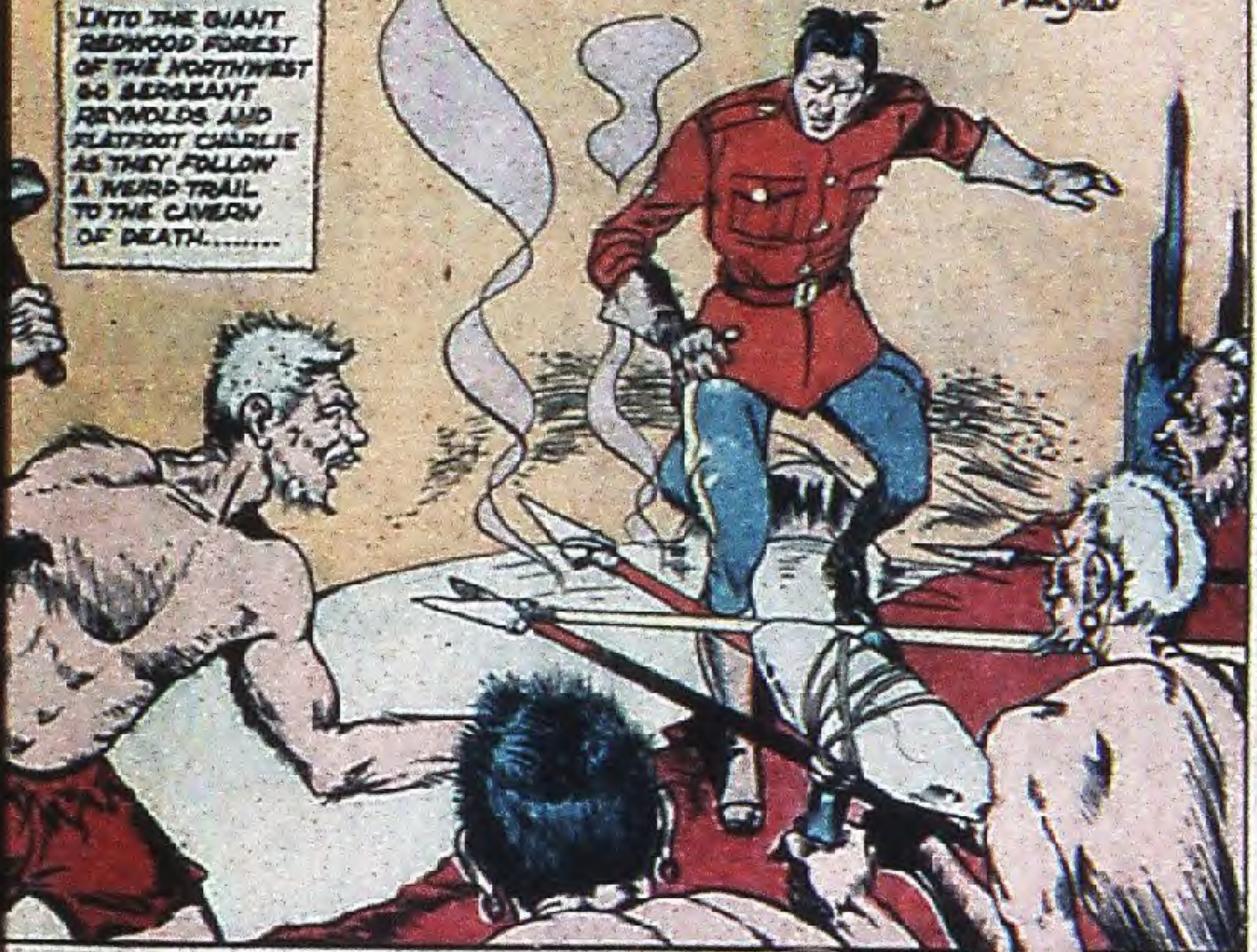
QUALITY COMIC GROUP magazines are "tops" in action, adventure and humor.

REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

by *DAVE DUNN*

INTO THE GIANT REDWOOD FOREST OF THE NORTHWEST GO SERGEANT REYNOLDS AND FLATFOOT CHARLIE AS THEY FOLLOW A MYSTERY TRAIL TO THE CAVERN OF DEATH.....



THROUGH GIANTIC TREE TRUNKS TWO FIGURES MAKE THEIR WAY—



YOU WERE RIGHT, FLATFOOT—THIS SURE IS THE BEST PLACE FOR A RESTFUL VACATION!



FLATFOOT GRAD, YOU AGREE... WE FOLLOW-UM THIS STREAM NOW!





WE
COME
TO
MOUNTAIN...

GREAT SCOTT!
FLATFOOT
look!



DOOH!! IS
BAD LUCK
PLACE,
SERGEANT—
WE GO-UM
BACK...

TOO LATE
FLATFOOT!
WE'RE GOING
IN... WONDER
IF THAT'S
A WARNING
OR--



A
SUBTERRANEAN
CAVERN!

WATER
BOIL-UM!
HIM HOT---



WHY—THIS
PLACE IS FULL
OF CAVERNS—
AND NOT A
SOUND OF
ANYONE—GUESS
IT'S SAFE!



SUDDENLY...

WHIRPOO!



OUT OF THE
DARKNESS
COME LONG
BEARS...

WH-WHERE
ARE WE??...
WHAT TH... CAVEMEN!
A LOST TRIBE....



THE STRANGE FIGURE CARRIES THE MOUNTIE THROUGH A CREVICE AMONG THE ROCKS...



YOU GOT HIM?
GOOD—I SUPPOSE
HIS REDSKINNED
FRIEND PERISHED!



WHEN REYNOLDS COMES TO....

SO! A NICE PIECE OF
TRICKERY, NAKALA!
IF YOUR MEN FIND
OUT ABOUT THIS
THEY'LL--
WHO IS THIS?

TAKE
OFF
YOUR
HELMET!



KURT VON
ROCKEL... SO
THIS IS WHERE
YOU DISAPPEARED
TO!

YES, MOUNTIE...
NAKALA AND I
ARE PLANNING
A NICE
LITTLE REVOLT
NOW THAT HE HAS
THEM UNDER HIS
THUMB.... YOU CAN
GUESS THE REST!



SUDDENLY A SHADOW LOOKS
OUT FROM THE DARKNESS....

LOOK! A
SEA SERPENT!



IT'S COMING
NEARER --
YOUR GUN,
KURT!



THE 'SEA MONSTER' COMES
TO LIFE....



REYNOLDS LEADS TO NAKALA'S
SPEAKING TUBE....

MEN--LISTEN!!... THIS IS
THE WHITE MAN--NAKALA
HAS FOOLED YOU... I AM
NOT DEAD, AND THE VOICE
OF THE GREAT WATER
SPIRIT IS HIS OWN!





FLATFOOT!
GET THAT
SEAWEED
OFF --
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO NAKALA
AND VON
BOCKEL?

BOTH GONE...
UGH -- HEAD
FEEL-UM
LIKE BALLOON
FROM SOCK ON
HEAD---



THERE
HE
GO-UM!!

THIS PATH MUST
LEAD UP TO THE
MAIN CAVE....



HA--THEY'LL NEVER
REACH ME IN TIME--...
I'LL BE OUT OF HERE--
WHAT'S THAT??



OUT OF THE SHADOWS COME FLYING
FIGURES...

NAKALA FOOL
US -- HIM
DIE...



GREAT SCOTT!!
THERE GOES
VON BOCKEL...

ugh!
MEN KILL-UM
MEDICINE
MAN...



THEY CAUGHT
NAKALA BUT
NOT KURT
VON BOCKEL...
HEH-HEH!!

IF I CAN JUST
REACH THAT
LEDGE BEFORE
HE PASSES IT!



YOU DID GREAT
WORK, FLATFOOT!
WHAT YOU
NEED IS A
BATH TO GET
RID OF THAT
SEA WEED
AND
MOSS!

UGH! BUT
FLATFOOT
HAD ENOUGH
OF HOT BATH--
NOW TAKE-UM
COLD
SHOWER!

SPIN SHAW

BY REX SMITH

of The
NAVAL
AIR
CORPS

Nothing in the blue sky or the open sea holds any terrors for Spin Shaw, ace of the U.S. Naval Air Corps, and the merciless treachery of the undersea rattlesnakes only quicken his lightning brain and dare-devil courage.

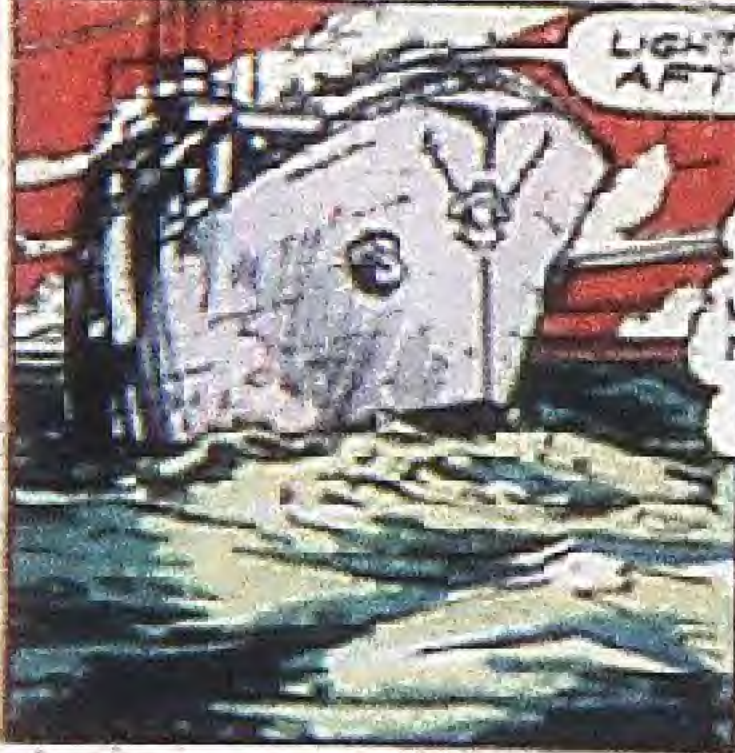
Oh, American aircraft carrier nears a port in North Ireland, a sailor sights what seems to be a lighthouse signalling..

The lookout reports to Spin Shaw.

At that moment, a squadron of R.A.F. Spitfires reaches the carrier to escort it to port.

LIGHTHOUSE AFT!

THAT'S ODD!
ACCORDING
TO MY
MAPS THERE
ISN'T SUPPOSE
TO BE ANY
LIGHTHOUSE
IN THESE
WATERS!





SHAW, I'M SURE I
SAW A LIGHT BLINKING!
TAKE A SHIP UP AND
INVESTIGATE!



ON SHORE, AT R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS,
SPIN AND CAPTAIN WELLS
JOIN THE SPITFIRE SQUADRON
LEADER AT THE OFFICER'S CLUB.



SPIN TAKES OFF IN A
BREWSTER BUFFALO.



AS THE NAVY AIR ACE IDLY
CIRCLES ABOUT, A BARRAGE
OF FIRE UNEXPECTEDLY
SENDS HIS BUFFALO HURT-
LING INTO THE SEA..



A FISHERMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER
SPOT SHAW FROM THEIR BOAT.

LOOK,
DAD! A
MAN IN
THE
WATER!

WHAT'S
THAT?
LOOKS LIKE
A FISHING
BOAT! WHAT
A BREAK!

SPIN IS FISHED OUT OF THE OCEAN.
ON THE WAY TO
SHORE, HE TELLS
HIS STORY.

SO
YOU
WERE
FOOLED
TOO!

THOSE SUBS
HAVE WORKED
THAT TRICK
MANY TIMES
BEFORE. I HOPE
YOU CHAPS
CLEAN THEM
OUT OF THE
WATERS!

IF WE
DON'T,
IT WON'T
BE BE-
CAUSE
WE HAVEN'T
TRIED. THANK
YOU FOR THE
LIFT.

SPIN REPORTS TO CAPTAIN
WELLS.

IT WAS A NAZI
U-BOAT FAKING THOSE
SIGNALS, SIR!

IT MUST
BE FOUND
AND SUNK AT
ONCE! WE'RE EX-
PECTING A TROOP
TRANSPORT THIS
WAY AT ANY TIME!

SPIN TAKES OFF IN A CURTIS "HELL DIVER" AT
THE HEAD OF A SQUADRON OF GRIMMAN
"WILDCAT" PURSUITS.

AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT, SPIN
SIGHTS THE SUB RISING TO
THE SURFACE AGAIN.

THERE
SHE IS! RIGHT
WHERE I WANT
HER!

ACHTUNG!
AMERIKANER
PLANES!

THIS
SUB'S
GETTING
EVERY
BOMB I'VE
GOT IN
THE RACK!

IN THE SUB...

RADIO THE
LUFTWAFFE
TO COME
TO OUR AID
AT ONCE!



BRING
DOT PLANE
DOWN!



HERE
THEY
COME,
RATZIS!

SPIN SENDS HIS BOMBS
CRASHING INTO THE SUB.



AND THE RAIDER GOES
DOWN FOR THE LAST
TIME.



MESSERSCHMITTS SUDDENLY
FILL THE AIR.



WHIPPING HIS PLANE
AROUND, SPIN MAKES
HIS GUNS TALK EFFECTIVELY.



THAT'S
ONE FOR
OUR SIDE!

SPIN'S SQUADRON MAKES
SHORT WORK OF THE
REMAINING AIRCRAFT.



AGAIN, THE FISHERMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER FIND THEMSELVES PRESENT AT A SCENE OF BATTLE.



FATHER, WE'D BETTER GET AWAY! ONE OF THOSE FALLING PLANES MAY LAND ON THE BOAT!



LOOK OUT!

THE GIRL AND HER FATHER ARE THROWN FROM THE BOAT BY THE CRASHING MESSERSCHMITT.



OH!!

LOOKS LIKE THE FISHERMAN AND GIRL WHO PULLED ME OUT OF THE WATER. IT'S MY TURN NOW!



HE THROWS A RUBBER LIFE RAFT FROM THE PLANE.



And

THAT'LL GET 'EM BACK TO SHORE! NOW TO BRING THIS PIGEON HOME!

AT THE BASE.



GOOD WORK, SHAW! OH, BY THE WAY, THERE WAS A PHONE CALL FOR YOU. A YOUNG LADY ASKED YOU TO DINNER. SHE LEFT HER ADDRESS. YOU LUCKY DOG!

IT'S EASY. WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

LATER..



MY FATHER AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.. YOU SAVED OUR LIVES WITH THAT RAFT!

WELL, NOW WE'RE EVEN.. DID YOU SAY YOU LIKED TO DANCE?

DAISY Announces the **DEFENDER**

**1000 SHOT
MILITARY MODEL**



IN THIS
STREET
CARTON

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YOU SHOULD SEE 13-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 2,000 pounds of paper. The whole town says they're... and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fun! for every tool!



Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food energy.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH **DEXTROSE** FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy stimulatory candy.

